VVITS PRIVATE VVEALTH.

STORED
WITH CHOISE OF
Commodities to content
the Minde.

LONDON.
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Flat nova Editio juxta hoc Exemplar.

April. 10. 1639. SA: BAKER.

To the right Worſhipfull, my much and much worthy beloved friend IOHN CROOKE,
Son and Heire to Sir IOHN CROOKE *Knight,*
all proſperity on Earth, and the joy of Heaven.

TO preſent you with a long Diſcourſe, might perhaps weary you in the Reading; and to write obſcurely, might bee a trouble to your underſtanding: To avoyd therefore inconveniences, I have choſen this little piece of Labour to fit the patience of idle leaſure; hoping that as in fore-ages, men of great Titles would patronize the writing of good Studies, not regarding the Eſtate or quality of the perſon, ſo your true ſpirits that can rightly judge of the nature of well-deſerving, will not altogether ſhut my Booke (with my better ſervice) out of your good favour: The Subjects are many, and of divers natures, but (as many Flowers in one Noſe-gay) they are heere put together in a little Volume, which peruſed with that good patience that may make profit of Experience, I hope ſhall give you ſome way contentment, and no way the contrary: But leſt I make too great an Entry to a little Houſe, I will ſhut the doore to my ſpeech, and onely reſt in ſome better ſervice.

Your affectionately at command,

N. BRYTTON.

Piccola è la ſtella chi de Lune grande.

To the Reader.

You that ſhall happen to light on this piece of a Booke, how you will or can judge of what you reade, I know not: If it be well, I am glad you are pleaſed, if otherwiſe, it is paſt: the Print, and too late to bee mended: many things are comprehended in a little roome, and hee that reades all, and takes good by none at all, I am perſwaded, is either uncapable or careleſſe: To be ſhort, ſuch as they be, I ſend them to you, ſet downe with the dayes of the yeere: in halfe one day you may reade them, and ever after thinke on them as you can conceive, digeſt, or remember them: ſome of them were written by wiſer men than my ſelfe, and for the reſt (like Ware in a Shop) the good muſt helpe away with the bad: To conclude, I commend them with my further Love and ſervice, to the favour of thoſe ſpirits, that judging the beſt, will not ſay the worſt: Among whom, hoping you are one to fill up the number of honeſt men. I reſt,

Your friend as I may,

N. B.

Wits private Wealth.

E that takes much, and gives nothing ſhall have more wealth than love.

He that gives much, and takes nothing, ſhall have many thankes and few friends.

Hee that ſpends his youth in Whooring and Dycing, may curſe the bones, and cry out upon the fleſh.

He that builds Caſtles in the Aire, in hope of a new World, may breake his necke ere he come to halfe his age.

He that meetes an ill fayoured Woman in the morning faſting, 'tis oddes hee ſhall not ſee a worſe ſight before dinner.

He that telleth a lye, and binds it with an Oath, is eyther weake in wit, or vile in conſcience.

He that braggeth much of a little worth, hath made his tongue an overthrow of his wit.

He that marrieth a rich wife, and abuſeth his Matrimony, will either begge among Rogues, or hang for good company.

He that cryes before he is hurt, hath learned wit to avoide paine, and he that cryeth after a hurt, muſt learne patience for eaſe.

He that oweth money, and cannot pay it, is agent for ſorrow, but he that hath it, and will not pay it, is a Steward for the Divell.

He that ſcoffeth at God, is already with the Divell, and though he walke in the World, he hath a Hell in his Conſcience.

He that ſelleth his cloathes to be drunke with the money, will begge for age, and ſtarve for food.

Hee that riſeth early, and maketh light meales, keepes his body in health, and his ſtomacke in temper.

Hee that makes Religion a cloake for villany, deviſeth

with the Divell to cozen his Soule of her comfort.

If you ſee a faire Wench leere after you when you are paſt, lay your hand on your heart for feare of your purſe.

If a ſtranger ſcrape acquaintance with you in ſome private place, thinke he wants wealth, or his honeſty is out of tune.

He that ſelleth his ware, and liues by the loſſe, muſt give over his trade, or die in poore caſe.

A kind hearted-man is eaſily abuſed, and a high ſpirited woman muſt be warily obſerved.

If you offend God, repentance will have pardon, but if you offend the Law, take heed of execution.

If you marry a Whore, make much of the Horne, but if you marry a Scold, fall to your prayers.

If you have a friend, and cannot uſe him, you lacke wit, but if you abuſe his love, you want honeſty.

He that tyeth his love to beauty, may bring his heart to trouble, and he that marrieth a fouſe woman, doth wrong to his eye ſight.

He that will never lend, is unworthy to borrow, but he that comes into ſuretiſhip, is in the way of undoing.

If you ſee an offenders punithment, pray for amendment: but if a Horſe-courſer be hanged, it is happy for Travailers.

To give a Woman her will, may be hurt to her wit: and to bridle her nature, may move paſſion beyond reaſon.

To build a houſe without money, is but a dreame of folly, and to travell among Theeves is danger of life.

He that ſpends more than he gets, will hardly be rich, and he that ſpeakes more then he knowes, will never be counted wiſe.

He that leaſt ſinneth, is the beſt man, and he that never repenteth, is the worſt.

A prodigall ſpender will keepe coyne from cankering, and a greedy Uſurer will gnaw out the heart of a purſe.

He that travaileth a ſtrange way, had need of a guide, and if he want money he muſt fare hard.

A Mouſe in a cupboard will marre a whole Cheeſe, and

an

an ill-tongued Woman will trouble a whole Towne.

He that is given to ſleepe, is borne to my charge trouble, and to over-watch nature, may be a hurt to wit.

He that leaveth the learned to live with the ignorant, may happen upon ſome wealth, but he ſhall never be wiſe.

An untruſty ſervant may rob a man of his goods, but a dogged wife will vexe his heart.

If you ſee a Trull, ſcarce give her a nod, but follow her not, leaſt you prove a Noddy.

A courteous Phyſitian will make much of his Patient, and time-pleaſers are no true Divines.

Strong Beere hath two contrary vertues, it will quench a thirſt, and warme a ſtomacke.

He that offends God to pleaſe a creature, is like him that killeth himſelfe to avoid a hurt.

Shee that loves to make Faces, may have an Ape for her Schoole-maſter, and he that feeds her humours, puts his wits to much trouble.

He that loveth many can hardly pleaſe all, and he that loveth none, is either dogged or fooliſh.

A Foole that is rich ſhall be followed with Beggers, but the vertuous and wiſe are truely honourable.

He that feaſteth the rich, makes a friendſhip with Mammon, but he that relieveth the poore, is bleſſed of God.

A Whores teares are a Fooles poyſon, and a Thieves watch is a Travailers woe.

The ſhot of a Cannon makes a terrible report, but hee that ſtarts at the noiſe of it, will hardly prove a Souldier.

The ſound of a Trumpet, ſtirs up the ſpirit for a Souldier, but if his heart failes him, he will not fight.

Womens Tyres is an idle commodity, and to live by Pandariſme is a roguiſh profeſſion.

Swearing and lying is much among wicked men, and yet being ſo little believed, I wonder they doe not leave it.

A proud ſpirit is hatefull to nature, and he that is unthankfull for little, is worthy of nothing.

The hopes of the vertuous makes harveſt in Heaven, and the deſpaire of the wicked brings their Soules to Hell.

The

The Spiders web is a net for a Fly, and a flattering tongue is a trap for a Foole.

The sight of a Sword will affright a Coward, while a seasoned Souldier makes a Flea-bite of a wound.

A partiall Iudge makes a pittifull Law, and a dumbe Preacher a pittifull Parish.

A bloody Souldier makes a pittifull warre, and hee that trusteth an Enemy, may be betrayed ere hee be aware.

The Souldiers honour is got with great travell, while the Vsurer tumbleth in the ease of his wealth.

The true Spirit regards no drosse, and he that makes a God of his Gold, will goe to the Devill like a begger.

He that leaves his spurres in his horses belly, may sit downe and sigh when he is weary with walking.

He that will passe quietly thorow a Common-wealth, must avoyd the Foole, and take heed of the Knave.

An Usurper of a Crowne will breed murmures in a Kingdome, but a wise Governour is worthy of his place.

Hee that cloyeth his stomack, is an enemy to nature, and to over-charge wit, is an abuse to reason.

Vanity and pride make the Fooles paradise, while love and beauty are the Nurses of Idlenesse.

Blessed Children are the Parents joyes, while the barren wombe is the curse of nature.

A wise Generall and a valiant Leader, are very requisite in a Campe, but tyrannie in a conquest disgraceth the Souldier.

The Glowormes belly is the candle of the Earth, and the Phœnix nest is too high for the world.

The longest day will have night at last, and age will wither the smoothest skin in the world

The dearth of Corne makes Farmers rich, but to starve the people is the shame of a State.

No Preaching in the world will make a Iew a Christian, and a Cutpurse will be at his worke, when the Thiefe is at the Gallowes.

He that hath lost his eyes, may bid his friend, good night, and he that is going to the Grave, hath made an end with the world.

A faire

A faire man is like Curds and creame, and a foule woman the griefe of the eyes.

A witty wanton is a pleaſing Miſtris, but an honeſt huſwife is the beſt to breed on.

He that is given to drinking, is ſubject to the dropſie, and a liquoriſh Grocer will eate out his gaine.

A Garden is pleaſant if it be full of faire flowers, ſo is a faire woman indued with good qualities.

A faire flower without ſcent, is like a faire woman without grace.

Hearbes are wholſome gathered in their time, and money well uſed is an excellent Metall.

If Chriſtmas laſted all the yeare, what would become of Lent? and if every day were Good-friday, the World would be weary of faſting.

The griefe of the heart is a weakning of the body, but the worme of conſcience eates into the very ſoule.

A jeſt is never well broken, but when it hurteth not the hearers, and profiteth the ſpeaker.

Hope is comfortable in abſence, but poſſeſſion is the true pleaſure.

Words out of time are loſt, and ſervice unrewarded is miſerable.

To follow Fooles in the annoyance of wit, and to ſerve a Churle is a miſerable ſlavery.

Variety of acquaintance is good for obſervation, and to make uſe of knowledge, proves the ſence of underſtanding.

Early riſing gaines the morning, and a darke night is the Theeves watch.

A fantaſticall Traveller is the figure of an Ape, and a proud woman is a fooles Idoll.

The eye is ſmall, yet it ſeeth much, and the heart but little, and yet it is the life of the body.

The hope of profit makes labour eaſie, and the hand of bounty winnes the heart of vertue.

A Candle gives a dimme light in the Sun, and where *Diana* keepes her Court, *Cupid* is out of countenance.

A man is dead when he ſleepeth, and darkneſſe is the ſorrow of time.

There is no true rich man but the contented, nor truely poore but the covetous.

A weake body is not for travel, nor a ſimple wit for a Scepter.

No man liveth that doth not ſometimes amiſſe, but he that delighteth in ſinne is a Divell incarnate.

They that love their beds, are great Flea-feeders, and hee that ſpends his ſpirits, cannot have a ſtrong body.

The rich mans goods make him fearefull to dye, and the poore mans want makes him weary of his life.

The fire of anger burneth the ſoule, and the cold of feare chilleth the heart.

Snuffe a Candle and it will burne cleare, and cut off dead fleſh and the wound will heale the ſooner.

The heart-ache brings the body into ſickneſſe, but the Worme of conſcience breeds the ſoules torment.

Times alter nature, and honours manners, but a vertuous heart will never yeeld to villany.

Miſeries are the tryall of patience, but Love is the Maſter of paſſions.

Thought is a ſwift Traveller, and the ſoule is in Heaven in an inſtant.

A kind nature winneth Love, but a ſtubborne ſpirit is a plague to reaſon.

The diſeaſe of opinió doth beguile us in the taſt of happines, while the vanity of delights is but the ſuperfluity of deſires.

Patience at the point of death, ſets a ſeale to the perfections of life.

How vaine is the love of riches, which may be loſt, or left in an inſtant?

In the tryall of truth, excuſe will not helpe diſhoneſty.

Try wits by their wiſdome, and love them for their vertue.

Rejoyce not in any mans miſery, but be pittifull to thy very Enemy, and comfort the afflicted in what is fit for charity.

Follow not the amorous, for they are humorous, nor the humorous, for they are idle.

Give what thou doeſt frankly, and be maſter of thine owne purſe, leaſt baſe ſcurrility make abridgement of thy bounty.

Be not jealous without juſt cauſe, and doe no wrong for any cauſe.

If

If thou doſt ill, doe not excuſe it: if well, doe not boaſt of it

Nature inclined to evill, muſt by correction be brought to good, for diſcretion by inſtruction, finds the way to perfection.

The key of wantonnes, openeth the doore unto wickednes.

The cares of buſines, and the variety of pleaſures, are the ſoules hinderance to her higheſt happineſſe.

Sin comes with conception, but grace only by inſpiration.

In the repentance of ſinne, ſorrow bringeth comfort.

Where Pride is poyſon to power, and Will an enemy to patience, there Envie can endure no equality, till death put an end to deſire.

Greater is the griefe to loſe then never to have, and to ſee the fall of vertue, then the death of nature.

Irrevocable is the loſſe of time, and incomparable the griefe of ingratitude, but the abuſe of love, is abhorred in nature.

When a Dog howles, an Owle ſings, a Woman ſcolds, and a Pigge cryes, whether for a penny is the beſt muſicke?

Full hearts cannot weepe, and ſwallowed ſighes make ſwolne breſts, while wiſdome covereth woes, till death cover wretchednеſſe.

Who laboureth for knowledge, makes a benefit of time, but he that loveth vertue, lookes after eternity.

The inſtruction of truth makes the wit gracious, while the practice of craft makes the heart impious.

Hee that makes beauty a Starre, ſtudies a falſe Aſtronomy, and he that is ſoundly in love, needs no other purgatory.

The depth of paſſion, tryeth the height of patience, where if wit bridle not the ſences, nature will reveale her imperfection.

The remembrance of vainities, is a reviving of miſeries, where the Looking-glaſſe of life, becomes an houre-glaſſe of death.

The exerciſe of venery, is the Cow-path to beggery, and he that diminiſheth his ſtock, may goe to the hedge for a ſtake.

The Land-lords prodigality makes the Tenants profit, and a proud bogger is a dogged Raſcall.

A Cat may loſe a Mouſe and catch her againe, but he that loſeth time, can never recover it.

When rich men die, they are buried with pompe, but when good men dye, they are buried with teares.

Bloody actions makes fearefull viſions, while the joy of peace is the ſpirits paradiſe.

When all vnder the Sunne is vanity, where hath vertue her dwelling in the World? But onely in the heart of the Elect, whoſe loue is onely in the Heavens.

An intemperate ſpirit ſpoiles the body, and a proud heart gives a wound to the ſoule.

The ſhame of wit is folly, and the ſhame of nature ſinne.

Who travelleth out of the World to ſeeke the truth of Heavens Hiſtory, if he be not aſſured of Grace, will make but an vnhappy journey.

Comfortable is the Grave where death is the end of griefe, but joyfull is that Faith, that findes the life of Eternity.

A Knight that dares not fight, hath honour in jeſt, and a Merchant without money, may adventure for nothing.

The pinching of the body makes a ſtinking breath, and ſtrait Shooes fill the feet full of cornes.

Women with child long for many things, but all the world longs for money.

A great wit may haue a weake body, and a great head but a little wit.

The Dolphin is held the ſwifteſt Fiſh in the Sea, but the thought of a man hath no compariſon in the World.

The Tyger is ſaid to be the cruelleſt beaſt in the World, but an Vſurer upon a bond will goe to the Divell for money.

A Mayden-bluſh is an excellent colour, and a vertuous wit makes a Virgin honourable.

A conſtant Lover is an admirable creature, but the man of wealth goes thorow the World.

Offices are ſweet in the nature of gaine, but the abuſe of an Oath is the burthen of Conſcience.

A ſore eye is euer running, and a Goſſips tongue is ever babling.

Croſſe paths many times put a man out of his way, and croſſe fortunes many wayes put a man out of his wits.

Great winds are dangerous at Sea, ſo is a Iudges breath to an offender.

The Phyloſophers ſtone hath mockt a number of Students, and

and Love hath troubled a world of idle people.

Virginity is precious while it is purely kept, but if it catch a cracke, the beauty is gone.

The eyes grow dimme when they come to Spectacles, and it is cold in Valleyes, when ſnow lyeth on the Mountaines.

The ſting of a Scorpion is onely healed with his blood, and where beauty wounds, love makes the cure.

Impriſonment and death are the miſeries of nature, and the Sergeants Mace is a helliſh weapon.

A child that feares not the rod, will hardly prove gracious, and a man that feares not God, will be in hell ere he be aware.

Elixars are great reſtoratives, but much Phyſicke is offenſive to nature.

A pen without Inke writes a very blanck letter, and a purſe without money makes many a cold heart.

Stolne venſon is ſweet, ſo the ſtealer can ſcape, but if he be catcht, he will pay for his hunting.

The Anglers ſport is full of patience, and if he loſe his hooke, he makes a faire fiſhing.

A ſhower of raine doth well in a drought, but when duſt turnes to durt, the houſe is better then the high-way.

A little ſalt ſeaſons a great Pot, and a little poyſon kils a World of poodle.

Iewels are as they are eſteemed, and there is nothing forced that is welcome.

A little ſeed will ſow a great ground, and a ſnuffe of a Candle will ſet a whole houſe on fire.

The want of neceſſaries breakes the heart of an honeſt man, and to be beholding to a Churle, is death to a good minde.

When the rich prey on the poore, and the poore pray for the rich, there is great difference in praying.

A Scold and a foole muſt be anſwered with ſilence, while Wiſdomes words are worth the writing in gold.

Philoſophy is a ſweet ſtudy, and Hiſtories are ſometime worth the reading, but the Bible in all excellence, puts downe all the Bookes in the World.

Much reading makes a ready Scholler, but the gift of nature doth much in Art.

A Foole and a knave cannot take thought, while an honeſt heart is full of ſorrow.

A farre Traveller ſeeth much, but he that goes to Heaven, makes a happy journey.

The Kings of the earth are rich in Gold; but bleſſed are the Soules that are rich in Grace.

The Ayre is often cleanſed by lightning, but till the World change, men will never be cleane from ſinne.

An eſcape from danger is comfortable, but to keepe out of it is wiſdome.

He that makes an Epicure of his minde, makes a gull of his wit: for time is precious to the underſtanding Spirit.

A Diamond may be little, and yet of a great price, but the Grace of God is more worth than the whole World.

Fancy and faſhion trouble many idle people, but the ſtudy of Divinity raviſheth the ſoules of the Elect.

Cockes of the Game will by nature fight, and a heart of Oake will burſt ere it bend.

The ſight of the Sea will fright a faint heart, while the Saylers care but a little for the Land.

The cryes of Fooles make a foule noiſe, while the hearts of the honeſt bleed inwardly.

May-games and jeſts fill the World full of mirth, but the feeling of Grace fills the ſoule full of joy.

A Fly feeds a Swallow that will cheake a man, and that which kils a Spider, will comfort a man.

The Stone and the Gowte doe follow the rich, but Death where he commeth, makes a ſwoope with all perſons.

A poore man in his Cottage is merrier with his pittance, then many a Lord with all his Living.

Great mindes and ſmall meanes, are the overthrow of many good wits.

A broken heart is Gods cure, whoſe oyle of grace is a ſalve for all ſores.

He that hath forſworne a Beard, hath a ſtrange face, and ſhe that hath no teeth, may learne to ſucke.

A friend is beſt tryed at a need, and a fawning foe is not to be truſted.

Beefe

Beefe and Mutton are ſtrong food, and hunger is the beſt ſauce to any meate in the World.

Sicknelſe is the bodies curbe, and ſorrow the mindes; but unkindneſſe in a friend, is the break-heart of a good ſpirit.

Neceſſity will breake thorow ſtone walles, but to make an exerciſe of Beggery, is the condition of a Raſcall.

A painted Sword is for a bragging Coward, but the Souldiers Iron makes way where he goes.

The rareneſſe of a toy will ſet up the price, but the goodneſſe of any thing is beſt eſteemed with the wiſe.

A Bird without feathers, will flye ill-favouredly, and a man without money, is out of heart with all mirth.

To be delivered of a Child is a joy to a Woman, and to bee delivered from Priſon is comfort to a man, but to be delivered from ſinne, is the trueſt joy of the ſoule.

A forward Childe is ſeldome long lived, and to beget a foole is a griefe to the Parents.

He that cryeth without cauſe, is worthy of hurt, and he that feeles no hurt, is full of dead fleſh.

Travaile is good for ſtayed wits, and a ſtrong body is beſt for labour.

The rich man to fill the tother bag, will pare a poore man to the very bones, but the goodman will relieve his poore neighbour at his need.

An unskilfull Rider may quickly be out of the Saddle, and a poore Horſe can goe but ſoftly.

Some ſay Tobacco is good to purge the head, but he that followeth it well, will finde it a ſhrewd purge to his purſe.

No eye can ſee the brightneſſe of the Sunne: how glorious is then that light from whence it hath light?

Many are fortunate that are not wiſe, but there is no man happy untill he come into Heaven.

Fire and ſword are the terrour of a Campe, but thunder and lightning are the terrour of the World.

A faire Houſe is a comfortable Lodging, but the ſweet ayre reviveth the ſences.

A faire Horſe is comely to looke on, but if he prove heavy, he is nought for travaile.

The

The fires of afflictions refine the Spirits of the faithfull, and happie is the heart that endures to the end.

Many factions breeds ſeditions, but unity and peace are the joyes of a Kingdome.

An Aſſes bray is an unpleaſant noyſe, but the knell of a paſſing Bell, kills the heart of the wicked.

A man will forbeare many things for feare of the Law, but few forbeare any ſinne for feare of Gods Iudgement.

Delicate meats are no ſtrong food, but the Spring-water is cleere drinke.

Great aſſemblies are markets for the Cut-purſe, but a bare purſe kills his heart.

Envie among great men, makes miſery of poore men, and when Women breed the quarrels, they are not eaſily ended.

A diſcreet Iudge makes a bleſſed Law, and a penitent Offender is worthy of pardon.

Great boaſt and ſmall roaſt, makes a cold Kitchin, and ſhrugging of ſhoulders is no paying of debts.

He that may live well and will not, is of a wicked nature, but he that would live well and cannot, hath his heart full of griefe.

The Flies and the Bees live in ſwarmes, and the Ants and the Wormes live in heapes, but men can hardly make a Company to live in quiet.

Poyſoned drinke may be in a ſilver Cup, and he that plucketh a Roſe, may pricke his hand in gathering of it.

The Porpoſes in the Sea will play againſt a ſtorme, and many make a Banquet to be ridde of their gueſts.

The Marchant and the Trades-man are upholders of a Common-wealth, but if they leave out the Farmer, they may faſt for their ſupper.

A diſcreet woman is worthy of honour, and a fooliſh man is the diſgrace of Nature.

Burnt Children dread the fire, while old Fooles will play with the coales.

A raveniug Curre is not good for a houſe, and a Hawke that feeds foule, will never be a high flyer.

He that remoues a Land-marke, is a very bad neighbour, and he hat ſets a Travailer out of his way, is a wicked villaine.

A de-

A delaying hope is grieuous to the heart, but to deſpaire, is the greateſt torment of the ſoule.

To lye in bed and not ſleepe, to ſee meate and haue no ſtomacke, to ſerue long and get no wages, are three great miſeries in the life of man.

No man knowes a griefe ſo well as he that hath it, and no man more joyfull than he that is rid of it.

It is a griefe to a man to lacke wit, but more griefe to ſome to lacke grace to gouerne it.

An aged man is a Kalender of experience, and a ſpruce Youth is like a picture.

A deadly wound makes a quicke diſpatch, but a lingring hope breeds a long griefe.

To meddle with State matters may be more trouble than profit, but to part man and wife is a wicked practice.

At a little hole a man may ſee day, but if he ſhut his eyes, the light will doe him little good.

Horſe-leaches will burſt with ſucking of blood, and a ſwelling Toade is a venemous creature.

A Tortoyſe ſhell will hardly breake, but at the leaſt touch ſhe will pull in her head.

He that hath a wife hath a charge, and he that hath a good wife, hath a bleſſing, but he that hath a bad wife, is in a pitifull taking.

She that loues not her Husband, lackes either honeſty or wit, and ſhe that loues not her ſelfe, will goe neere to be ſluttiſh.

The Winters night is for the Goſſips Cup, and Summers heate makes the Brewers Harueſt.

The Lambe and the Dove are two pretty creatures, but the Dog and the Hog are ſullen beaſts.

A Foxe by nature is full of craft, while a Foole wants reaſon to make uſe of it.

The ſmooth graſſe will hide a Snake, and a fained ſmile a falſe heart.

To goe to Church for faſhion, is an abuſe of Religion, and to pray without deuotion, is breath to no purpoſe.

Good Inke graceth a letter, but if the Paper be naught, the Pen will doe no good.

A long dyet kils the ſtomacke,and a deſperate purge may be a perill of life.

The Owle and the Swallow bring in Winter and Summer, but the Nightingale and the Cuckow talke onely of the merry time.

Light gaines make heavie purſes,but he that labours for nothing,may give over his worke.

He that will hold out the yeere, muſt abide Winter and Summer, and he that will goe into Heaven, muſt endure the miſeries of the World.

To feed a Ieſter is but a jeſt of wit, but he that gives not eare to a tale,it never troubles him.

When a Lyon roares, come not in his way,and when a Fox preacheth,beware the Geeſe.

A faithfull friend is a rich Iewell, and a ſilent woman is a ſtrange creature.

Nature is ſubject to imperfection, but an Atheiſt is a horrible creature.

He that lights in a whirle-poole, is in danger of drowning, and the loſſe of liberty is the ſorrow of nature.

A rich Court is a goodly ſight, but he that lookes up to Heaven, will not care for the World.

When old men are wilfull, their wits are out of temper,and when young men are wiſe,they are in the way to honour.

An old ſore tryes the skill of a Phyſitian, and if hee get a name,he will quickly be rich.

The Fiſh in the River is not afraid of drowning, and if he play with a Baite, it will coſt him his life.

An Aſſe hath long eares, and a Fox a long tayle,but a tongue will be ſo long, that it will over-reach out of meaſure.

A neighing Horſe is not good for a Thiefe, nor a queſting Spaniell will not make a good Setter.

A Dog will rejoyce at the ſight of his Maſter, when perhaps his Miſtris will frowne at his comming home.

The bones of the dead,breake the hearts of the living,when a poore Gameſter loſeth his money.

The idleneſſe of the heart is tryed in adverſity , and the doggednesſe of the mind,in the height of proſperty.

When

When the Hare is in chaſe feare makes her runne, but when the Hounds are at fault, ſhe hath time to get away.

He that playes the Rogue in the morning, may be a villaine till night, but if he be ſorry when he goes to bed, he may riſe an honeſt man.

He that is wounded in the Heart, hath made an end of his dayes, but he that hath made a wound in the Soule, knowes not when to end his ſorrow.

A Looking-glaſſe will make a Foole proud of his beauty, but an Houre-glaſſe will make a wiſe man remember his end.

The variety of Flowers makes the Spring beautifull, but the faire Harveſt makes a fat Barne.

Tobacco ſmoke is very coſtly, but the aſhes of it are good for a gall'd Horſe Backe.

A proud Mechanique will looke over a Merchant, and a rich Churle will looke like Bull-beefe.

The wind is weake, yet it blowes downe great Oakes, and water is weake, yet it ſwallowes up great Ships.

A worme-eaten Nut is not worth the cracking, and a cracke Iewell not worth the wearing.

Money-makers are the pride of the market, but if you part without a pot, you are no good fellow.

A ſubtile Bowler will have a ſhrewd ayme, but if he miſſe his byace, his Bowle may deceive him.

A dropping noſe had need of a handkercher, and a ſplay-footed woman is a beaſtly ſight.

Time is never idle, but not ever well imployed, when wit without government falls too faſt upon folly.

He that hath many wounds, loſeth much blood, and he that hath many quarrels, will have little quiet.

Unkindneſſe is a cut to an honeſt heart, but a dogged wife is the hearts torture.

He that ſalts his meate, will keepe it from ſtinking, and he that mortifies his fleſh, will keepe it from much ſinne.

He that hath an ill face, had need of a good wit, but money covereth many imperfections.

When the windes are downe, the Sea will be calme, but quarrels begun, are not eaſily ended.

Where there is much carrion, there will be ſtore of Crowes, and at the buriall of a rich man, there will be ſtore of Beggers.

Threeſcore yeeres and ten are a mans faire age, but after foureſcore his ſtrength is gone.

To wraſtle with a Begger a man may get but a lowſe, and to brabble with a ſcold, will make but a foule noyſe.

Many hands make quicke worke, but one is enough in a purſe.

Good hearbes make wholſome broth, but a filthy weed among them may marre all.

A Winters Summer makes an unkindly Harveſt, and Summers Winter is not healthfull for man.

A Cuckold is the ſcorne of Marriage, but a Wittoll is a beaſt in nature.

A finicall fellow is like an Uſher of a dancing Schoole, and a demure Miſtris like the picture of Hypocriſie.

Three chiefe things a Travailer had need to have a care of: his tongue, his purſe, and his middle finger.

Three other chiefe things had all men need to looke to: the ſoule, the body, and the ſtate.

To converſe with Children is got little experience: but to talke with Fooles, is the abuſe of wit.

Revenge is the villany of nature, and tyrannie the horror of reaſon.

What a jeſt it is in the nature of reverence, when men muſt put off their Hats while their Maſters are piſſing?

Uſe makes perfection in many things, elſe could not the Hang-man be ſo nimble at the halter.

A skilfull Phyſitian knowes how to uſe his Patient. and a cunning Lawyer to doe with his Clyent.

He that hath a mint of money, and an idle woman to ſpend it, let him feed all her humours, and he ſhall ſoone ſee an end of it.

He that reckoneth his Chickens before they be hatcht, may miſſe of his brood when the Hen leaves the neſt.

When Geeſe flye together, they are knowne by their cackling and when Goſſips doe meet they will be heard.

All Earthly things have an end, but the torments of the wicked are endleſſe.

In

In great extremities are tryed the greateſt friendſhips, but when mans helpe faileth, God is a ſweet comfort.

The miſeries of the world are many, but Gods mercies are infinite.

Hollow windes are a ſigne of raine, and a long conſumption is incurable.

The Gowt and the Stone are two tickling diſeaſes, but the Pox is a ſlight cure.

Hell gates, and a Whores apron, are ever open for wicked guests.

To the faithfull there is no damnation, and to the damned no ſalvation.

A crafty Knave needs no Broker, and a ſnarling Curre will bite behind.

Vnder ſimplicity is hidden much ſubtilty, and the Crocodiles teares are the death of the Travailer.

The Camelion liveth onely in the ayre, and the Salamander lives onely in the fire.

To trafficke with vanity, is to runne into miſery, and had-I-wiſt is an idle ſpeech.

The world goes hard with pride, when a Lady lyes at a red Lattice.

True Knights make Ladies, and counterfeits marre them.

Need makes a heavy ſhift, when a man pawnes his cloathes for his dinner.

When Taylors began to meete Lords Lands by the yard, then began Gentility to goe downe the winde.

When vanity brings toyes to idleneſſe, let wit beware of fooliſhneſſe.

When a Soldiers pay is moſt in provant, he will hardly be led into a ſharpe peice of ſervice.

He that makes holiday of every day, makes an idle weekes worke, and he that labours on the Sabbath, will never have his worke to proſper.

A Schollers commons makes a ſhort dinner, and yet he may be in more health then the Epicure.

An ill blaſt of wind will ſpoile a good plant, and a bitter froſt is bad for fruit.

A poore man ſhuts his doore to keepe out the wind, but a rich man ſhuts his doore to keepe out beggers.

A kindly Collier is ever beſmeared, and a Smith and a Glaſſe-maker, are never out of the fire.

A Downe-bed is ſoft to lye on, but yet it ſoakes the body more then a Mattris.

Truth hath often much adoe to bee beleeved, and a lye runs farre before it be ſtaied.

To be buſie with a multitude, is to incurre trouble, and to feare Sparrow-blaſting, is a pitifull folly.

When wit brings youth to beauty, and vanity brings pride to beggery, then reaſon ſeeth natures miſery.

A ſorry bargaine makes a heavie Soule, when the heart akes and cannot be helpt.

Evill words are the worſt part of eloquence, and he that breakes the peace, muſt anſwer the Law.

Affability breeds love, but familiarity contempt.

He that is careleſſe of his eſtate, may quickly prove a begger, and he that is feareleſſe of GOD, will quickly prove a Divell.

Witches and Sorcerers doe much hurt in a Commonwealth, but after the Gallowes, they doe goe to the Divell.

A Parrat well taught, will talke ſtrangely in a Cage, but the Nightingale ſings moſt ſweetly in the Wood.

An unkind Neighbour is ill to dwell by, and an unwholſome body is ill to lye by.

A poyſoned Sword is a peſtilent weapon, and he that uſeth it, hath a murtherous heart.

A trotting Horſe beates ſore in hard way, but a reſtie Iade is a villanous Beaſt.

The wound of ſorrow goes deepe into the heart, but a Bullet in the braine is a medicine for all diſeaſes.

An ill weede growes faſt, but a paire of ſheares will cut him downe.

Iudas treaſon was moſt abominable, and *Iobes* patience moſt admirable.

Sweet freſh water is comfortable in a City, and the want of it is the plague of the people.

Study

Study is the exerciſe of the mind, but too much of it may be a ſpoile of the braine.

When the Saddle pincheth, how can the Horſe travaile? and when the wife lacke money, their wits are in a poore caſe.

Howling Dogs betoken death, and a Scritch-Owle at a window brings no good tydings to a houſe.

Babes will be ſtilled with lullaby, but an old Foole will never be quiet.

The Sunne is the Labourers Dyall, and the Cocke the Huſwifes Watchman.

Diogenes Tub was a poore houſe, and yet *Alexander* would come thither to talke with him.

Many a Dog is hanged for his Skinne, and many a man is killed for his purſe.

He that loves not a Woman, lackes a piece of a man, and hee that loves too many, may be weary of his Wooing.

The ſavour of the Earth makes a Plough-man hungry, and after a Storme, the Saylers drinke merrily.

A Waxe-candle and a Watch are good for a Student, but if he want wit, he vvill be no great Scholler.

A private rebuke, is a ſweet correction, but an open puniſhment makes ſome ſhameleſſe.

When Shepheards fall to be Hunſt-men, the Woolfe may be with their Flockes: and when the Warrener is at the Alehouſe, his Coneyes may be ſtolne.

He that goeth ſoftly, commonly goeth ſafely: but if hee have haſt of his vvay, he loſeth much time.

'Tis ſoone enough, that is well enough, and never too late, that doth good at laſt.

The deſire of doing well is accepted before God, but the neglect of doing well deſerveth his diſpleaſure.

Sweet are the deceits of Love, but bitter is the taſt of repentance.

Who attendeth profit, is not ſorry for patience, and the faithfull with the patient, are beſt Travailers to Heaven.

A faire